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ACME $1.50
BLONDIE AND DEADWOOD
THE REAL COWBOY
ADULTS ONLY
WHERE THERE'S SMOKE THERE'S ANGEL

GO

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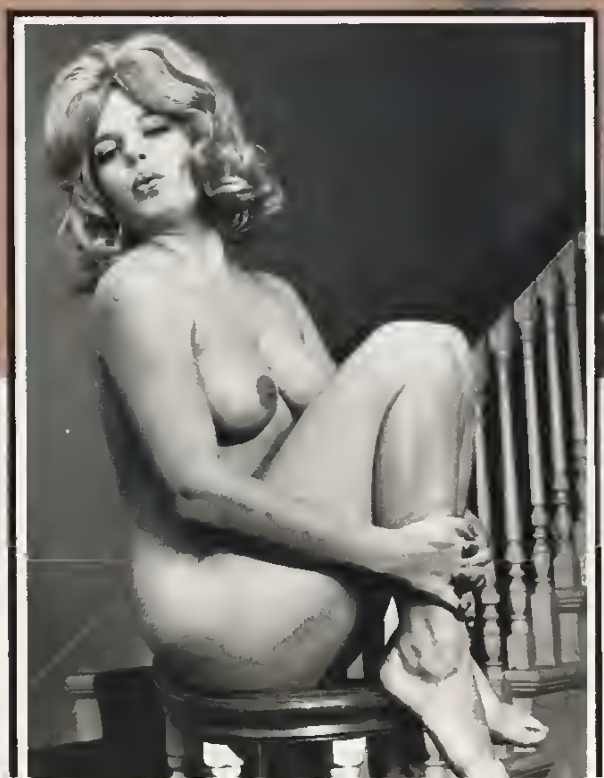
Blondie And Deadwood

The tea and crumpets – TV and Beer crowd is not for a-go-go girl Blandie Taylor. Nor does curling up with a book alone at night appeal to her. "Later with that solitude jazz. I want to be where the action is NOW."

Blondie's whole point of view is, youth is meont to be lived not tolked obout. So when Blondie's not giving the boys their money's worth by doncing the Frug, the Swim, Jerk or some other gig ot one of the spots, or her nights off she's out moking the same scene for nothing.



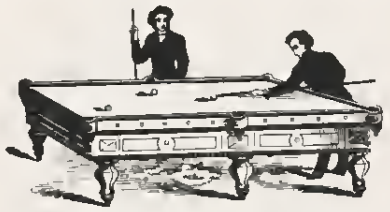
And when she does cool off her dogs ond other lovely extremities ot home, she doesn't do it olone. You con bet your bottom dollor there's o hip Jock or John on the scene – one equol to her lively mind ond sportive temperoment. "Life's too short for bores."

It figures that so volotile o figure os Blondie would dig cor rocing, the ring, ond oction type men. "No deodwood types for me – pleose!" Blondie Toylor – the chick who sets the poce for others to follow.

by
Howard P. Bell

The Name Of The Game Is Catch Her!

Was she two-timing him? There was only one way to find out – and it was tearing his guts out.



Miles looked down from his seat on the terrace, clenching his fist and pounding it on the small marble-topped table as he watched what was happening to his wife, nearly a hundred yards away. There on one of the lower cliffs at the entrance to the ruins, Phyllis was making no effort to stop the hand of the Italian guide as he took liberties with her.

"Any day now, there will be results," Alfredo had reported by telephone. "Any day now, Signore Miles, your wife will be compromised."

Miles watched Phyllis accept a tentative kiss. Then he slammed his fist on the table again. The jolt caused his Campari bitters cocktail to spill. A young waitress eyed him speculatively. "Ancora Campari?" she asked.

"The hell with it," Miles said, and then, for her benefit, "No, grazie. The hell with it."

Down below, the guide made another move toward Phyllis which she parried. Then they disappeared into the ruins.

Miles removed a filter-tip from his cigaret case and pounded the tobacco tight before applying flame to it. He thought about Alfredo, who reminded him of a black haired Charles Laughton. Alfredo, that damned, opportunistic bastard of a con man and a chisler. Alfredo, who could have picked from hundreds of big, husky gigolos had to pick out a little punk to make a play for Phyllis. Alfredo ...a big, fat Italian con man.

"Signore," Alfredo said, smiling. "I will not bore you with the details of what Europeans think about American sexual customs. You are willing to pay me money and that is all I should ask. But I tell you this, instead of paying money for a man to make love to your wife, with the same sum of money, I could provide for you the most voluptuous, experiences women you have ever known."

"You don't understand," Miles had said. "I don't want the man to go through with it. I want to catch them, just in time. I want a man I can beat hell out of in front of Phyllis. I want a big scene, so that she'll know, once and for all. Can you understand that? I'm tired of these affairs of hers. I want to stop her."

And Alfredo had sighed. "What you could learn from these women I can provide, that, ah, that would impress your wife." He shrugged his lumpy shoulders. "It is natural for a woman to have affairs. Natural for a man. That, I do not think you can stop."

"If she can see me beating on a man she's attracted to...if she can see I mean business..."

Alfredo beamed with comprehension. "I have it. You like the violence. I can arrange everything. There are those who like to be beaten. I can find such a man. I can even arrange for it in the presence of a woman whose naked body will jab you with delights. Then, after you have beaten this man, you will have this woman and the urge will be completely gone from your system. This service I can provide."

"You can keep your damned perversions," Miles snapped. "I want you to get a gigolo to make a play for my wife. Not some uncouth type either. A handsome young man she'll go for. And I want to be able to catch them just in time...do you understand that...just In time. And I want him to know he's supposed to let me knock him around in front of her...understood?"

"No, Signori, I do not understand, not really."

Miles handed him the first installment on the price they'd agreed upon. "Just do it," he said. "You don't have to understand."

But now that it was happening, Miles was disgusted. The guide, the young man who was supposed to make a play for Phyllis. He was not at all what Miles had visualized. He was not tall nor big nor handsome looking. Miles mashed his cigaret out and moved cautiously down the long flight of steps fronting on the Montressori cliffs, overlooking the Adriatic and the huge, phallic ruins from the past. He moved cautiously toward the ruins, wanting a closer look at the guide, but determined not to be discovered by Phyllis. She mustn't have the slightest suspicion he'd be likely to follow, to appear suddenly. That might inhibit the entire plan.

He moved cautiously over the ancient mosaic tiles, darting carefully from shadow to shadow of the hulking ruins, standing timeless on the cliffs over the ocean. There were a few other tourists, poking about the rubble of pebbles and dust from the remaining walls of what had once been a grand, glorious estate, poking tentatively as though they suddenly might unearth a buried and forgotten statue of vase which would pay for their entire vacation in Italy and their entire future.

Miles paused for a moment, chilled to the quick by the sight of a young man and a girl, standing in a sudden embrace. Honeymooners, he thought. People who were sealing their love. And he, Roland Miles, was trying to catch a glimpse of his own wife with a man he'd paid to be a gigolo.

Further inside the ruins, Miles saw them. Phyllis stood calmly, her eyes taking in the beauty of a crumbling frescoed wall while the guide moved closer to her.

Miles pulled a small vest pock-

et telescope from his jacket and focused it on the guide. His anger boiled over. The guide was barely five feet seven. Probably wouldn't weigh a hundred fifty pounds ringing wet. And his face. It reminded Miles of a mooning cocker spaniel. How could be make a showing out of hitting this little runt? Damn Alfredo anyway.

The guide touched Phyllis again and she made no move toward him off. He moved in closer with a sudden darting movement of his head. Phyllis turned to him, surprised, after he kissed at the tip of her ear. And then she smiled to him. There was no mistaking that.

* * *

"What the hell is the point of traveling clear across the damned ocean for a second boneymoon, then?" Miles asked bitterly. The sight of Phyllis, looking cool and possessed in her shortie nightgown added to his inner fire. Her lush, small body was outlined in exciting detail in the dimness of their hotel suite and somehow, the soft light and street sounds from below were fanning the desire.

"I'm just too tired, Rollie. I had a busy day walking through ruins and sightseeing. You were in business conferences and got to travel by cab. It was bot where I was and I'm wilted...and it isn't as if you didn't know what you had. You can wait."

Miles wondered about the damned guide. He thought of bis determination that Phyllis would not have another man, no matter what. He lit a cigaret and moved toward the balcony, wondering if her real reason for refusal was because of that punk faced guide. Maybe she had ideas already. Maybe she was saving herself for him. Maybe she had already given herself to him and was sticking to her phony morality she'd sbown througb the five years your own possessiveness and of their marriage. Only one man per day. If she had been with one of her lovers that day, Miles got nothing. If be'd been with her, that meant the lover got nowhere.

Broodingly, he watched Phyllis lie on the large bed and tense her excellent body in a series of isometric exercises, first with the legs, then the thighs and then up to the stomach.

"Do you have to do that?" he snapped.

Phyllis laughed. "Maybe you'd better turn off the lights. But it is nice to know you still think that way about me."

"For all the damned good it does," he said, mashing out his cigaret and moving to the bed. He removed his robe and sat down on his side, aware she was still moving, arching her hips again and taking great gulps of air. Something snapped in him and he moved toward her, his hands taking her sides roughly and drawing her to him.

Phyllis let out a grunt of surprise and drew up her knees, fending him off. "I told you no, Rollie, and I mean it. Your strong-arm tactics work very well in business and you're a success there. They don't work with me."

"Not for me, at any rate," he said.

Phyllis drew herself up onto her side. "I thought we agreed not to talk about that anymore."

"Sure," Miles said, "you go out and chippie around and we don't discuss it."

"We agreed that we'd wait until you could understand. We agreed that I wouldn't have another affair. We agreed to try spending some time together and giving ourselves a fresh start. I don't know if you can understand this yet, Rollie, but it isn't the fun for me you think it is when there's another man. But I do have normal desires and I resent being put between my own guilt feelings. Maybe this was all a big mistake."

"Do you want to call if off?"

"Do you, Rollie?"

He felt his anger snap and on another moment, he was on top of her, batting her around.

Phyllis did not stay in the bed when he was through with her. Without a word, she took her pillow and an extra cover and moved to the sofa in the sitting room, and Miles' satisfaction began to disappear rapidly as he imagined her going with the guide tomorrow.

If he did anything to that runt faced guide, be migbt really ruin the entire thing and as he lay there, his nostrils and senses filled with the presence of Phyllis, he realized she meant more to him, much more than his pride.

"They are going to the Galleria Garibaldi," Alfredo said, taking too big a sip of bis coffee and being forced to mop a few dark droplets from his bushy moustache. "At least, they are going to start at the Galleria Garibaldi. Why not let the Signorina have her pleasure? I will take you somewhere to have your own. Perhaps a nice, knowledgable Greek girl... look exactly like the actress Melina Mercouri. Can you imagine that? Wouldn't that be nice? Then, you see, the variety, the change in attitude, that would be vital for your marriage."

"Never mind the variety," Miles said. "Today must be the day. You tell that little punk face today is bis last chance. If he doesn't get her to a botel room somewhere today, it's his last chance."

Alfredo nodded. "Said and done, Signore. It shall be done. And at the botel Rex on Strada Umberto Rei."

Miles took a post behind a large potted plant in the small lobby of the hotel Rex. He waited for nearly an hour and began to think Phyllis might have refused the guide, wbich

(Continued on Page 67)

If you should walk into one of the plush bodyshops on the Sunset Strip in Hollywood, and the smoke is so heavy that you have to cut it with a knife, because the spot's so packed with fire-puffing men, its probably due to Angel Hegel being there, a real angel in the flesh.

Where There's Smoke There's

Angel

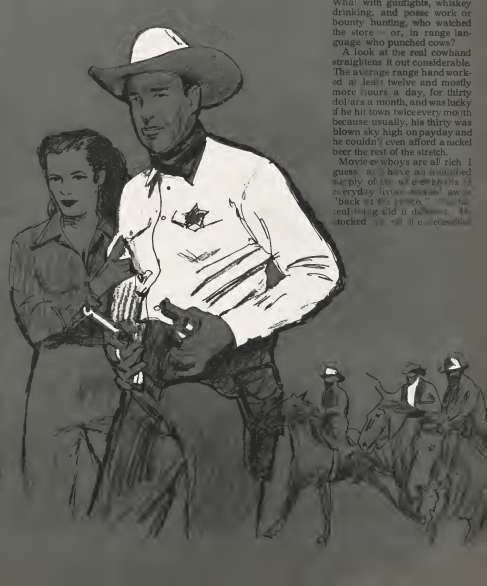
Angel is the new bumps and grind sensation of stripsville. And the boys out west are bending over backwards to see her do similar gyrations.

Why all the noise about this particular pedal? Besides her wayout looks, the uniqueness of her act causes it. Instead of coming out and stripping, Angel comes out already in the near nude, and then starts to slip into things.

Long ago Angel's mother told her that just as many men enjoy watching a girl go through the routine of dressing as seeing a girl undress. And judging from the capacity crowd that Angel plays to night after night, her mom knew what she was talking about. Boy, did she!

THE REAL COWBOY

After reading this, you'll laugh your head off the next time you see the TV version.



By Lowell B. Strunk

Hollywood movies and TV westerns make you wonder. What with gunfights, whiskey drinking, and posse work or bounty hunting, who watched the store — or, in range language, who punched cows?

A look at the real cowhand straightens it out considerable. The average range hand worked at least twelve and mostly more hours a day, for thirty dollars a month, and was lucky if he hit town twice every month because usually, his thirty was blown sky high on payday and he couldn't even afford a nickel beer the rest of the stretch.

Movie cowboys are all rich I guess and have an unlimited supply of the wherewithals of everyday living and [illegible] back at the ranch. [illegible] real thing did it down. It stocked [illegible] the [illegible]

first, and took care of his desires second. If he didn't, he quickly gained the name "saddle tramp", and a tramp is a tramp, afoot or on horseback and the saddle tramp wasn't much more welcome on the range than a city tramp at the front door.

Even with the long days in the saddle and taken up with range work, the cowboy had his "home life", but few historians and even fewer writers have taken time to look at it.

The cowboy didn't have much of a wardrobe for social affairs, but he did have his "go to meeting" pants and shirt, and if not, be gave his best range wear a scrubbing and cleaning. When Drake discovered the first oil, one of the by-products, benzine, became a standby with the cowboy, as a "clean-all". If he couldn't get any benzine, or coal oil, be tried wood alcohol, or spirits of hartsborn, today known as ammonia – available at most druggists or doctors and many general stores.

Turpentine was always available as a last resort, but cowhands, like the generations to follow, were endowed with a native American ingenuity that saw them through any lack of the recommended cleaners. They made a solution of finely scraped Irish potatoes in warm water, or a solution of salt and alcohol, to scrub out the grease and stains, and in extreme emergency, rubbed chalk into the wrong side of the material. This latter didn't clean much, but it served to cover up the worst stains.

The common stopper for the spout of a coal oil can was a potato. After a time, the spud became saturated with the oil and this made a handy cleaner, and also added a good layer of starch, if you didn't mind the stiffness of the cloth.

Soap was no problem. Most stores had it, but if not, kitchen fat and wood asbes made good soap – a little rough on the skin, but the cowboy of the '70s was not complexion conscious, nor – we might add, was his lady.

Some of the "store bought" brands added olive oil or glycerine to the base, which helped some. One brand "Fairy", hung on and still holds forth in the market place, but others, like White Rose, Pears', and Sapolio, have disappeared or given way to other names as the soaps improved.

On festive occasions, a dude sported a heavy gold watch chain across his vest, attached to a wide variety of watch fobs, according to taste or sentiment. Quite often, the fob was a key, as the early watches were key winders, such as the "American Holologe", made in Waltham, Massachusetts. This later became the Waltham Watch, well known for decades, with its Roman Numerals and fancily decorated case. Remember the one deviation from the Roman numerals -- the IIII in place of the regular IV?

The B. W. Raymond watch, the famous "Railroad" watch was popular too, in its bunting case, with the glass covered by a binged metal lid. This watch, made by the National Watch Company, evolved later into the Elgin, famed Illinois company. Eight day movements were common, as were alarm type.

Your shirt, if you were a dude (and most were for the dances and hoorahs) was of linen, with lots of tail but no pockets. Fancy stitching was a must, ranging from little rosebuds on the collar points to entire murals that covered the entire shirt, front and back, sleeves and most especially the yoke – or shoulder sections.

A fancy neckerchief could be knotted in several ways, or worn on the neck above the collar. String ties seemed the choice of the "cattlemen" as opposed to the everyday cowband, as did frock coats and fancy vests, usually embroidered. If you chose the "gambler's" attire, with all the trimmings, you wore paper collars, which could be thrown away, and you bought them by the dozens or gross. Montgomery-Ward would sell you five dozen collars plus a pair of suspenders for a dollar. In the early seventies, this famous company was known as Grangers' Supply House. The hardy farmers who were bucking the cattlemen in the west called themselves Grangers; thus the name.

You could obtain (if you were durable and brave) steel, flexible collars, enameled white, together with a set of tools for installing, we presume. There were lazy dudes too, in those days, or penny-pinchers.

"Galluses", as the west called their suspenders, were quite common, but were covered by a short vest, made of calf hide, leather, or cloth. Last, but by no means least, you wore boots, together with a Stetson, the cowboy's mark, and his pride and joy.

The Wellington, a half-length, flat heel boot was popular with men who spent most of their time in the town, but the high heeled boot was the cowboy's choice. Although it was designed with the high heel to accommodate the stirrup, and to dig in when on the end of a lassoed steer or wild horse, the cowboy quickly adjusted to walking in it, and it imparted a distinctive carriage to him when on foot. Boots, like many of the other acouterments, could be had "store bought" – ready made (the cheapest way) at three or four dollars a pair. The average cowboy visited a bootmaker who carried partially carved and stitched boots in stock, and who would add personal touches on order, such as brands, initials, special designs or monograms. The more fastidious had theirs hand made from scratch, hand-lasted to to personal measurements.

Boots, like the Stetsons, were almost a lifetime investment, because of the slight actual wear on the soles and heels, kept in repair and greased and polished, they lasted many years.

There were several blacking

preparations to be had, but the prime favorite for treating your boots was bear grease, and because there was an abundance of bears all over the west then, it wasn't hard to get. Besides, it made excellent hair grease. In an emergency, just plain lard was good, or tallow was excellent.

The cowboy wore a Stetson – period. After 1869, when John B. Stetson began to produce the high-crowned, broad-brimmed Stetson in quantity, it became, and still is, the mark of the cowboy. The way a Stetson was creased varied with the section or the personal taste of the wearer, and the size varied somewhat, but basically, the Stetson was the same no matter where you found it.

In the winter, the cowboy on the range wore a "sheepskin", a short jacket-like coat with the wool-side in. In Wyoming and Montana, where the winters were severe, cowboys carried a shawl, or woolen muffler, which they wrapped around their head to cover the ears, tying it under their chin.

Tucked in your pocket would doubtless be a metal match-case, containing the large wooden matches with the blue sulpher head, but you didn't call them matches, you called them "Lucifers". They smelled like the devil and were hard as hell to light, and most agreed they were well named. In 1855, safety matches were invented in Sweden, but they never caught on in the day of the open ranges in the west. The Lucifers had to be drawn quickly through sandpaper to ignite them, but they quickly gave way to the phosphorous "strike anywhere" matches. These contained phosphorous and sulpher and smelled awful, and were poisonous. The paper book matches did not appear until 1892.

The early matches came in blocks, like a comb with teeth, and you just broke off a match. When they began to be manufactured singly, the metal match cases also had a space for a candle.

In the more isolated sections, flint and steel were still commonly used. The kit consisted of a D shaped piece of steel that fit over the knuckles, which you brushed across a piece of flint held in the other hand. The spark fell in some charred linen and you blew it into flame, then fed it with grass, chips, or any dry flammable substance. Many a cowboy carried, stashed away in his gear, a "burning glass", but this, of course, was no use except with a bright sun.

Americans have been smoking for a long time, and most cowboys adopted the habit at an early age. There were many brands of cigars in the seventies, and they were packed and shipped to the west literally by the barrel. The most common of these were called "long nines", a thin, panatella type, and "short sixes", a shorter, fatter type. The quality of these early day cheroots may be judged by the fact that many saloons gave "short sixes" free with drinks, and stores sold them two for a cent. The freighters who outfitted the west, hauling supplies in their Conestoga wagons, often smoked these and due to a contraction of the name Conestoga, we come up with the still used term: "Stogies".

The wealthy or the discriminating could get fine European and Cuban cigars at fifteen dollars per thousand, compared to the four dollars a thousand for the domestics. But the Civil War boosted prices and in the '70's, a decent cigar cost a nickel.

Chewers of the filthy weed had a wide choice too, in either the plug or the twist. Such brands as Wedding Cake, Winesap, Star of Virginia, Rock Candy, Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, disappeared with the cuspidor and spittoon. The chewing tobacco was treated specially for improved taste, with a mixture of licorice, molasses, sugar, syrup, fruit juices and many other odd flavorings.

Pipe tobacco was sold in plug form, or "plew," as the mountain men tabbed it, because the plew was the whole beaver skin and when you bought a plew of tobacco you bought the whole plug -- a fairly large slab, and cut it to fit your own convenience. This was usually bought under no brand name at all, and later on, the "cut plug" people came out with some brand names that stayed on top of the market well into the 20th century.

Granulated pipe tobacco found a good market, especially in the towns. Lone Jack brand, and Maurice Moore's Killikinnick, both produced in Lynchburg, Virginia, were extremely popular with pipe smokers from 1850 until well after 1880. The War saw a great increase in smoking, as the northerners traded coffee and newspapers to the southerners for good, well cured tobacco, and the habit stayed afterwards.

But the smoke that was destined to be the cowboy's choice, and constant companion, was Bull Durham – "the makings." In 1865, near Durham's Station, North Carolina, John Ruffin Green started putting shredded tobacco in little muslin bags, and taping a package of rice papers to the outside. He took the picture of a bull from the label on Coleman's mustard, which, by a strange coincidence, was made in Durham, England, and he was in business. Before he died in 1869, Green sold out his interest to William Blackwell, his partner, and the little label "Blackwell's Genuine Durham" became as familiar a sight on the range as the horse, spurs, Stetson or Colt.

Blackwell was far ahead of his day, for he plowed profits heavily into advertising, in every media, but mostly outdoor signs – in those days, painted on sides of barns and on huge sheets of tin atop

(Continued on Page 66)

APRIL IN DECEMBER

April in Paris, April in New York, April in June or December is always magnificently natural.

We're talking about April Cummings, the roving photographer who's already been around the world four times, and she's only twenty-three. And wherever she goes April candidly exhibits a healthy female interest in adventure and romance, unmarred by either self-consciousness or affectation. And she's got a great big heart to go with her great big eyes. Neat and sweet, too.

"I believe in being me. Oh I know some people think I'm kooky and too much on the go. But if I tried to live up to the tastes of others I'd be doing my own injury. The way I look at it, if someone doesn't like my ways he or she doesn't have to share them.

Don't misunderstand: April's no Beatnik. Nor does she have any ax to grind. She's merely a sprightly, independent lass who believes in following her own inclinations -- which are, at least in her case, always right. "The only time I get into trouble is when I go against my feelings."

Being herself has paid off big, too. April is one of the highest salaried shutterbugs in the business. As one editor puts it, "You can always depend on April to do a good job for you. Pretty, too." What's her ultimate ambition? To meet some lug who has the same tastes that I do. A guy so great that he'll make me want to stop going around the world in favor of concentrating on him the rest of my life."

For the first time o movie critic dores expose Holly wood's naughty double-standord.

SEX & THE MOVIES

By Gordon B. Strunk

Movie producers admitted frankly that they made movies for a long time to please a twelve-year-old mentality and taste. But it has been a long

time since the movie audiences were composed largely of kids, as evidence the rise of the "art" theaters. "Today houses showing sexy, frank slices of life are packed, and even some of the major studio productions are labelled "For adults only."

This indicates that the movie makers believe that we have at least reached our early teens but surely not that we have attained our majority of 21 years. We believe we are sophisticated and emotionally mature, and are relatively healthy in our attitude toward sex and love, but we are one of the few countries who are not allowed to see realism in movies, including nudity or sex encounters. According to American movies, we were all born fully clothed, and never take them off, even to go to bed with our spouses. Also, we never go farther in sex than a tongue-in-mouth kiss, or a close pawing at a female breast.

We read lively, enthralling books that deal with life as it really is, then pay almost as much to see an emasculated movie adaptation, which has removed half the theme and plot by silly and insulting censorship.

Hollywood has a double standard of making movies, that results in a double standard for moviegoers. In more than 70% of the major studios, two different versions of a movie are made. The love scenes for Americans are watered down, and any scene which calls for realistic nudity is either left out of the American film, or it is played with so many clothes remaining on the female that it actually makes the scene ridiculous or farcial; and frequently, it confuses the plot to a point that it later does not make sense.

The amazing thing about this is not that they cheat us of all realism in our films, but the fact that the movie men themselves, who must invest millions of dollars in each film, at today's prices, would calmly sit back and not only spend extra money for this double shooting, but also that they let the foreign films invade our box-offices and take a lion's share of the profits.

The rise of the "art" theater in the past decade seemed to alarm no one. Today, most of the major screening houses show at least 25% of the foreign films.

The practice of "double-shooting" sex scenes in common in Hollywood, and also in foreign countries, who have found they often must water down a scene for American showing. In either case, these versions are put in vaults marked "For Export Only." Today, about half of the potential gross of a Hollywood movie comes from foreign showings, and thus it becomes mandatory to shoot the same scenes for foreign consumption in a more liberal, realistic and uncensored way. The French or British or Italians will step away in droves from out "pap," or milksop versions of man-woman relationship, as we film it.

It was not until the recent flood of excellent foreign films from France, Japan, Sweden and Italy, that the American movie public became aware that other countries were showing adult movies – without having to say that they were "for adults only." When such appealing and sexy stars as Romy

Schneider, Sophia Loren, Gina Lollibrigida, Melina Mercouri, and Brigitte Bardot began to be seen on our screens in the art houses, in something less than full dress – the adult moviegoers began to ask a few questions, and eventually, get a few answers.

The answers are simple enough, but understanding the reasons why we are being denied the dignity of being considered adult enough to assimilate sex as a reality of life, is difficult. Today, although all the movie companies know it, many studio heads absolutely refuse to deny the fact of this double-take format.

To illustrate, here are a few of the hundreds of movies that have been shown in entirely different versions in foreign countries. In Allied Artists' "Hell To Eternity" Jo Han Owens did a torrid bump and grind dance routine, in bra and panties – in Europe, anyhow. American fans only get a face for the most part, and a brief glimpse of her in a bra and half-slip – in extremely "long shots." Later, Jeff Hunter unhooked her brassiere – and all this was seen in detail by foreign audiences, but it was cut entirely for American audiences.

When Hecht-Hill-Lancaster made "Cry Tough," Linda Cristal was filmed in a bedroom sequence with actor John Saxon. It was a realistic story about Puerto Ricans in New York City, and in the scene, Linda was in a slip; for American audiences – foreign audiences saw a different scene altogether, in which she wore only a pair of filmy lacey black panties, and nothing else. And Linda Cristal is only one of several major actresses who have appeared in the nude or semi-nude, for the sake of realism, and not sensationalism. Linda is an Argentinian beauty, whose sultry looks and sexy expressions and gestures made the film a real money maker – in foreign countries.

In U.A.'s "Gun Fever," Dana Davi, in the role of an Indian maid, left her buckskins behind as she scampered safely up a hillside, to escape the lecherous villain – but only in the foreign version.

In William Faulkner's "Sanctuary," 20th Century Fox could have actually shot two entirely different versions, since it was impossible to do a literal, true-to-the-script version, under American rules of censorship. The rape of Temple Drake, for one, would have been impossible to show in the U.S., yet, without it, the entire story loses much meaning. Instead, Hollywood emasculated the rapist, Popeye, and left out the majority of the rape scene. In a few bedroom scenes with Lee Remick and Yves Montand, there were many occasions for the "Cutting" – one for the Americans whose morals must be guarded, and one for the "more adult" foreigners.

Montand says he liked the European version best, yet – the only real difference was that, for Americans, he kissed the lips of Lee, while for Europeans he kissed her neck and collarbone. Lots of famous actresses are going for the double-take idea. Kim Novak recently balked at appearing in the bath in "Of Human Bondage," but once Henry Hathaway, directing it, explained that she would be seen in the nude only by the foreign audiences, Kim agreed. She wanted to preserve her American image, of course.

In "Una La Douce," Shirley MacLaine peeled some what for American audiences, but those who saw the European version say that it would have made a good advertisement for the nudist groups.

Oddly enough, business always are oddballs in (heir reasoning), it is all right for foreign films to be shown in this country, even if they do have a history of nudity and pretty torrid, uninhibited sex scenes. Many patrons of the art houses know every line and hollow of such heavenly bodies as Brigitte Bardot and Romy Schneider. But now, even the foreign companies have had to resort to the two-version movies. It is usually a matter of nudity, as for instance, in "Action Of The Tiger," starring Martine Carol. Europeans saw a hell of a lot more of Martine's charms than Americans did. The story line was essentially the same, with no sex scenes cut.

Martine's own version is that it is much more interesting to see a woman with some clothes on, but she admits that she has made a lot of movies (and a lot of money) that called for her to appear in the buff.

But Americans aren't the only ones who have some goofy ideas of what is sexy or pornographic and what is taboo. Even the fadeout kiss can be a problem in places like Spain. Italy and Sweden have almost no barriers, while France and Italy seem about equal. Abbe Lane, in the Italian film "Susanna and I" had to make three separate versions, for it is shown in France, Spain and the U.S. The France and Italy kiss went on for 15 seconds; the U.S. was treated to a two-second fadeout kiss, while the Spaniards never saw the final kiss at all.

Spain is the worst, most agree, in their bluenose attitudes, while France and Italy are the most liberal. Somewhere in between, lies England, South America and the U.S.

Most in the know credit one film, and one gorgeous body, for finally awakening American movie makers to the fact that, if they wanted a good share of the foreign market, they would have to begin to show a little of the female form as it would appear in bedroom scenes, and also, they had to be realist about sex – as they always have been about raw violence, in their films. This is amazing to foreigners – the fact that American movies are the most violent in the world, yet the most insipid in sex or nude scenes.

But, when Brigitte Bardot crossed $4 million in the U.S. with the French-made "And God Created Woman," movie ment knew that nudity was worth while – at least in other countries. Regardless of what the censorship groups and bluenose organizations tried to tell them, the movie men knew that when fans pay that kind of dough to see some bare facts of life, they indicate that that is what they want – and smart producers always give the paying public what it wants. And that juicy foreign market demanded the sexier, more nudity type movie that was being made by abundance in their own country.

The foreign market (between 40 and 60%) usually actually decides the making or breaking of a picture, financially. Movie men now know that a sophisticated foreign audience expects to see at least one nude woman, and they demand that sex be handled with realism and adult emotionalism, and not by hysterical, Victorian or Puritanical viewpoint that American censorship has imposed for half a century. Europeans actually laugh at our watered down sex scenes, while critics span up and down.

Elsa Martinelli, in "Indian Figbter," starring Kirk Douglas, undressed for a swim, before the camera – and Americans saw a long sbot, tame view, while Europeans were treated to a front view, head to toes semi-undressing. In another Kirk Douglas starrer, "Last Train From Gun Hill," Earl Holliman was shown as he ripped the shirt off Ziva Rodan, playing an Indian. Americans saw the expression on Earl's face as the audiences saw Ziva – in the nude. But American TV audiences didn't even see the scene at all!

Ava Gardner made special scenes for the European version of "The Nakes Maja," and in "Blondes In Bondage," Europeans saw several starlets in the nude and semi-nude, while Americans didn't.

During the days of the "silents," many actresses appeared bare-breasted or almost nude, clad in filmy veils, for Egyptian or Roman spectacles, and even in bedroom love scenes, kissing of the neck and arms was quite acceptable, along with much breast heaving and open-mouthed kissing.

(Continued on Page)

Katherine The Greatest

The greatest what? Well, for one thing, the greatest cook at the woman's club she stays with a roommate.

For another, the greatest ballerina of her class. Still one more, the greatest lingerie model in her community . . . .

But why go on? Katherine is obviously the greatest in more than one area. We can't however, resist citing one more greatest: none of her talents have in any way gone to her head . . .

That's another great thing about Katherine: she never blows her own horn. In fact, she's modesty personified. All the way.

What's the latest on Katherine the greatest? She's about to put her best foot forward in a Broadway musical. Pick up on her act. You'll feel the greatest!

Some girls are awfully hard to please. But not Cookie. Give her a fat book -- preferrably one on love, a quiet nook, and Cookie stars to purr like a kitten.

A Nook, A Book And Cookie

Of course she doesn't spend all of her time wrapped around a volume of poetry or a best seller. On Friday and Saturday nights Cookie's on the town with the rest of the swingers.

Needless to say with her looks she could have three different dates a day if she were so prone. And as a receptionist with a top Chicago advertising agency, you can guess how many times a day she is approached.

But during the work-a-day week Cookie chooses to stay home boning up on interesting ideas so there won't be any embarrassing pauses in her conversation when she does date.

But from Monday till Friday 5 PM, no one partakes of her charm except her favorite authors. Bookie, Cookie Coke -- the smashing bookworm who has unawares caused more men to patronize the library they know she goes to than any book there . . .

 (Continued from Page 29)

stores. It paid off, for none of the many imitators such as Sitting Bull, Pride of Durham, Ridgewood, managed to cut into Bull Durham's popularity. One brand, Duke's Mixture, managed to eventually find acceptance, but never to the degree that Bull Durham did in the west.

At the same time, one Robert Mayo of Richmond, had contracted with the Navy to supply its plug tobacco, and Navy Plug became the biggest seller of the cut plug tobacco, and stayed on top for years.

Tailor-made cigarettes were known, and had been for a long time. but they never caught on with westerners, and was considered a foreign fad, and sissified. Incidently, the hand rolled smokes of the cowboy days were not called cigarettes, but "quirlys." There were for sale little pocket "rollers," such as appeared during the depression days of the 1930's, but few bought them. Once you got the hang of it, it was a lot easier to simply roll your own quirly.

Cowboy money was "hard money". The worthless money of the Civil War era had prejudiced the westerners, so they carried and demanded either silver or gold coins. Out west, there was little use for anything smaller than a quarter, the "two bit" piece, a strictly western term for two parts of the Spanish-colonial milled dollars –the "pieces of eight" of pirate stories. To make change, this coin broke into eight pieces, or "bits", worth twelve and a half cents each--thus the "two bits" and "four bits" and "six bits" in the western language.

Mexican money was commonly used in the old west, and the big Mexican Pesos were called " 'dobe dollars."

Most cowboys didn't have any worries about the monetary systems. They didn't make enough to worry about, or have it long enough to think deeply on its oddities. His "thirty and found" really gave him most of the neccessities, and a few of the luxuries as he knew them. In town, he could get a lamb chop, bread, butter and coffee for a nickel, steak and onions for fifteen cents, a full beef dinner with pie for dessert for twenty cents. Drinks were reasonable. A tin cup of rotgut whiskey for a nickel, a full quart of fairly good bourbon for a dollar, cheaper varieties for about two dollars a gallon!

During the Hayes administration, a strong movement was afoot to stop drinking, especially in areas surrounding Army Posts, and this led to the first speakeasies, then called "hog ranches", because the first of them actually used pigpens as a front for their bootleg activities. Of course, prices were high here, and the cowboy had to be really thirsty before he would patronize them, and the liquor was of the worst rotgut variety, spiced up with tobasco, pepper, tobacco juice -- even rattlesnake heads.

Saloons had a good variety of drinks in the cattle towns, offering rums, gin, brandy, wine, beer, and bourbon. Bartenders prided themselves on being able to mix you some two hundred odd drinks, but few had the courage or the taste to order anything except "three fingers — straight". Oddly enough, beer in bottles was the most expensive drink you could order, probably because they hadn't mastered the art of capping bottles, and as each succeeding bottle "blew", the price on the rest went up to absorb the loss. Corks were still commonly used, being wired on, wrapped with cloth, and other wild methods of holding down the fizzing beer. It wasn't until 1892 that the present type, crimped metal cap came out.

The Stetson, the Colt revolver, a Bowie knife – or variations of these completed the cowboy's get up in the 1870's and '80's. He usually carried a Winchester or a Remington rifle in his saddle boot, and for range work, a heavy lariat hung from a saddle peg or ring. For "brush" work--hunting down strays in the rugged brush of the west, he wore "chaps", from the Mexican chaparrejos. These were made of either leather or sheepskin for the most part, and covered the entire leg from instep to hip, to protect from thorns and sharp branches.

Last, but far from least, was the cowboy's saddle. This was the one really expensive item he lavished much care and money on. The early westerners quickly adopted the better features of the high-pommelled Mexican stock saddle, and here again, you could buy cheap, plain saddles at trading posts and general stores, but any cowboy who had an ounce of pride got himself a custom made rig from a good saddle maker, complete with the fanciest of carvings and silver and even gold trappings. Many a cowboy found himself sitting a saddle that cost him six months pay, and worth more than a dozen horses.

So, in spite of Hollywood writers, the cowboy had sound necessities and even comforts for his rugged existance outside the dance halls and saloons as pictured in movie and TV. It was a rough life, and not for sissies, but it was a good one. The average life span of the cowboy during the open range days was thirty years, which tells a story of the durable qualities demanded for the harsh, hard work of the cattle ranch and trail drive.

But not all the cowboys died in gunfights or were lynched. The majority of them worked hard, and provided themselves with the things they needed and wanted to live a sensible and fairly comfortable life. True, they played as hard as they worked, but not to the degree portrayed by movies or TV. They grew up, and the west grew up, and there are still a few old timers around who aren't so sure that the old days weren't the best. ☆☆☆

would have been more than Miles could have taken. Then, there would have heen no way to combat the situation. As it was, he had to have several stiff drinks to build up within himself the notion of going through with his planned beating up of the small guide.

Then the guide appeared with Phyllis, paying his way for a room and disappearing with her quickly into the elevator, the two of them looking like urgent newlyweds rather than a young paid gigolo and an older, more mature married woman.

The thing that truly disturhed Miles, as he hribed the desk clerk for the room number, was the flower Phyllis had worn pinned to her jersey dress. A cheap, gaudy Gardenia wrapped in a foil container. The guide had hought it as a part of his seduction and the pathetic flower -- a flower Phyllis in reality disliked -- had meant something to her.

Miles found the room on the fourth floor and took a seat on the stairway while he smoked a cigaret and mustered up enough courage to pound on the door, confront them and beat hell out of the guide. As he smoked, he told himself he was giving them enougb time for the undressing and the foreplay, but as the minutes went by and his cigaret burned down, Miles realized he could not do it. He lit another cigaret with trembling hands and waited.

He waited for nearly an hour, trying to decide wbat he would do and whether he would even bother to stay and confront them. There was no doubt in his mind now that Phyllis and the guide had been in the room long enough to do whatever they had wanted. Nor was there any doubt in Miles' mind that be had paved the way for them with his own money and intentions.

When the door to the hotel room opened, Phyllis appeared, smiling and Miles felt completely lost. Foolishly, he got up and started toward her.

"This whole thing was your idea, wasn't it, Rollie? You thought you could catch me at it this time and maybe shake it out of me."

Miles could do nothing but shake his head and think of how attractive bis wife looked, how much he wanted her. The sight of the gardenia pinned to her dress only added to his sense of longing.

"Well, you almost succeeded, Rollie, hut you were too good a businessman this time. You bribed the desk clerk to find out which room we were in. And he, being a good businessman, too, called to sell me the information that you were on the way up."

"The guide," Miles said, weakly. "Where is he?"

Phyllis laughed. "Long gone, Rollie. He explained to me that be's always given this room because it has a fire escape...just in case. I was actually going to give myself to him. I allowed him several intimacies in the taxi cab and they made him quite determined to have me... or some woman. I expect he's with his girlfriend at this very minute, making love to her very seriously and with a pocketfull of your money. You've really done wonders for the Italian economy, Rollie, aren't you proud."

"I was going to beat the hell out of him," Miles said. "Then, when I saw him, I couldn't. He looked too helpless."

"You should have seen how belpless he was when I took my dress off."

"Do you bave to say that!" Miles felt frustrated to tears. He felt the tears starting to form in his eyes. "I was going to beat the bell out of him to show you how much..."

Phyllis touched him on the arm. "How much wbat, Rollie?"

"How much I loved you."

"No," Phyllis said. "You wanted to show me what happened to anyone who touched your property."

"I did in the beginning, but I saw that damned flower be bought you and I began hating myself..."

"And you were willing to wait out there and let him have me, if I wanted him, rather than heat him?"

"Yes. I couldn't belp it."

Phyllis drew him toward the hotel room. "I think you may have learned to understand what was wrong with us. I think you realized I didn't belong to you like a hunk of property."

"I just want you, that's all," Miles said.

"That's enough. You've spent a fortune getting us over here and paying different people for your shennanegins. We have rent paid on this room until tomorrow morning. Shall we get our money's worth?"

Miles felt the tears coming to his eyes in earnest now.

"That's good," Phyllis said. "You've got a lot to get out of your system. And I have a different channel for your violence . . .me. I want you to love me with as much passion as you tried to own me. Do you think you can do that?"

Miles drew her to him and held her tigbtly, feeling the intensity of her body against him. There was more passion than last night, but somehow, it was hetter because he was giving, not taking. He fumbled with ber dress for a moment, then tugged at it forcefully. For the first time he could remember, Phyllis made no comments ahout the way he was ruining her expensive hair-do.

He sat on the edge of the bed and drew her into his arms with vigor. His hands moved toward her and were welcomed by the woman he would never, never again own, nor would he ever want to. ♥♥♥

But Will Hays, first guardian, really clamped down, and many of the out-dated rules still apply today. For instance, "Complete nudity, in fact or silhouette, is never permitted, nor shall there be any licentious notice by characters in the film of suggested nudity." The opening sentence of the Production Code is nauseating, in it's complete silliness and stupidity. "No picture shall be produced which will lower the moral standards of those who see it." Can anything be more ridiculous, than the makers of a movie presuming to judge the morals of, say -- a hundred million people?

The code is a voluntary system, but recently, independent producers who do not subscribe to it, have proven that the lack of the seal is no "kiss of death," nor even a detriment, in many cases. Exhibitors often will not show a film without the seal of approval, but the success of the art houses and their "nudie cuties" and actual nudist films, indicates that no matter what the industry tells them they must see, moviegoers are going to go to see what they want to.

Al Zugsmith, an independent, who produced "Fanny Hill," in Germany, says candidly, "We can't compete with the French and Italian films unless we give them more realism overseas." He practices what he preaches, for his foreign versions of many films pack in the foreign audiences. "I hope we can pretty soon do the domestic versions this way," he says, "but right now, archaic rules are shackling us."

The film brass seem divided at present as to how much nudity to show. Some believe it is merely a passing fad. Charles Schnee, noted producer, sees nothing wrong in nudity, presented tastefully, if it is an integral part of the story. He feels the overemphasis on violence is far more wrong, in American films, for foreigners think we are a nation of sadists and gangsters, who live by the rule of might. Censors ought to take long looks at this aspect of our films, he feels.

In filming the best seller, "The Prize," with Paul Newman, nine actresses balked at first, at appearing nude in a scene taking place in a nudist camp. Later, six reconsidered and appeared in the buff. All were photographed from the rear, and the girls actually wore skintight flesh colored tights. Many producers maintain that girls will appear nude, in order to get ahead in the movie game, but a lot of them prove that this is not necessarily true.

any actresses have their own standards of how much of their epidermis they wish to have shown on screen, and they are making it stick, with the help of the Screen Actors Guild, and other organizations. However, it is generally overlooked that the up and coming stars of tomorrow are of a new breed -- conditioned to think less prudishly about such things as nudity on screen, and realism in sex scenes, and for the most part, they are quite willing to do anything that will add more believability to the role and the story. This, of course, advances their careers through publicity and good notices for them and the movie.

One starlet said, "Let's face it, in this business, sex and glamor pay off. Take the stars who've really made it — how many got their start by showing this basic equipment? Betty Grable, Alice Faye, Hedy LaMarr, Marlene Dietrich, Marilyn Monroe, Jane Russell -- even Claudette Colbert. I could go on and on."

Movie men need not worry over finding stars who are willing to take off plenty of clothes in movies. Carroll Baker is a good example. She started making the screen tremble with her "Baby doll" nudity, and followed with a torrid, sexy role in the successful "The Carpetbaggers," nude in two scenes -- without any skintigbt tights. Carroll says, "The world is preoccupied with sex and I guess I am part of my time. I'm interested in playing the modern woman who has given way to all sorts of passions and desires. If the script calls for nudity, and it seems to be an inherant part of the character I'm playing, then why shouldn't it be done that way?"

That a lot of fans, and lately, a lot of the movie makers agree is quite obvious by the tinkling cash registers at the box office, when such movies are shown -- here, and abroad.

It is difficult to tell when Hollywood censors, and various censoring or supervising (even boycotting) groups are going to begin to feel that we Americans are mature enough to decide our own fare, in reading, as well as in viewing. Somehow, in spite of our great advances in science, medicine, materials, literature and art, to say nothing of giant strudes in technology and industry -- there is a small element of hardheads in this land who insist that we are moronic ostriches, wbere sex is concerned. We are supposed to bury our heads in the sand, whenever sex rears its lovely head, and it will go away -- or else we can go on pretending that the stork still brings babies.

Yet, we look across the seas we have to live with such appelations as "ugly Americans," and all the while, we encourage an even worse one: — "stupid, self-deceiving Americans."

We condone the chicanery and self-deception of the "double filming" we have discussed here, content that morals rest entirely on not truth — not honesty — but in concealment of beauty or realism. It would serve us all right if, one day soon, we were subjected to the complete censorship and thought-policing that we are asking for, by our very unwillingness to grow up, and stand up.

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